short way out a bridge spans a torrent and a side road turnsinland at right angles, giving us a wonderful view of the Diadem in the distance. The Diadem is a diadem in truth, a great rocky unclimbed mass which dominates the valley four thousand feet below it. Its big brother, Mount Aorai, towers a couple of thousand feet more alongside it, but he is of a different shape, is almost always wreathed in mist, and is not visible from here. Between the two of them, however, flows the Fautaua river, a pathway into the wild interior of the island and a gorge renowned in story*

It was Pierre Loti who made it famous, and himself with it. He was the first, perhaps, really to bring Tahiti before the notice of the travelling world, the first to start the stream of visitors, the first to lift the curtain of a passing race. As Lieutenant Viaud of the French navy he was

stationed in these waters in 1879, seeing with his own eyes what he so vividly describes in his book, *Le Manage de Loti.*

The novel is the story of a young officer on an English ship who is made welcome at the court of the Tahitian Queen, Pomare Vahini, whose husband